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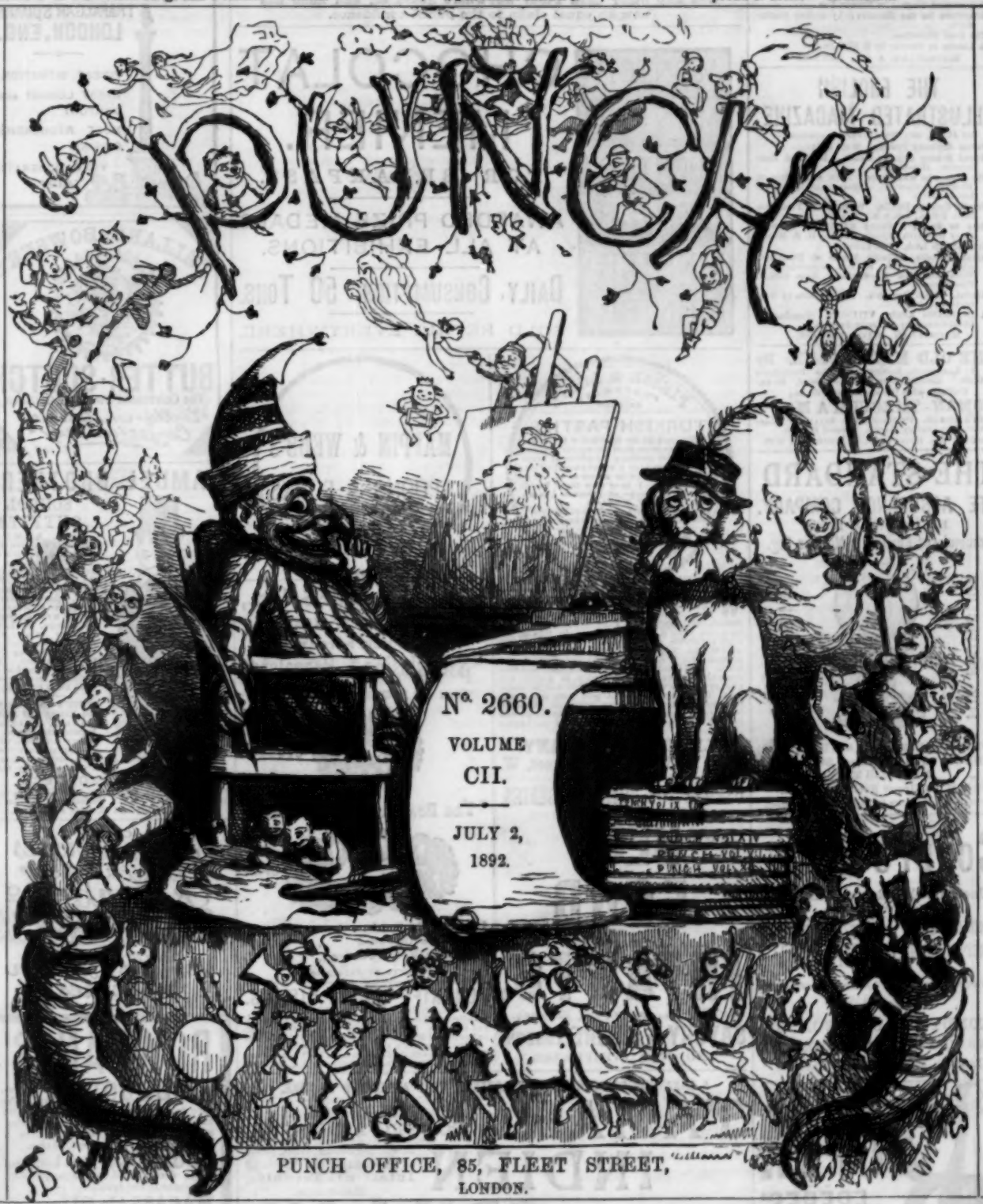

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OPERATIC NOTES.

Wednesday.—WAGNER. Vainly the Daughters of the River, representing the floating capital of the Banks of the Rhine, cry "Woa! Woa!" The orchestra, under the direction of Herr MAHLER, takes no notice of them, but goes on Wagnerianly, inexorably. Thus swimmingly we reach Walhall—where the fire-god *Loge* has a *logement* with very heavy insurance. *Wotan* and *Loge* in search of the gold. Then we meet the *Nibelungs* and the *Nibelights*, all livers under a water-cure system; and then—it 's like a musical nightmare — *Alberich* changes himself into a toad and is towed off as a prisoner. *Fafner* settles *Fasolt* by a drum-head Court Martial, so that *Fafner* gets the golden honey, and *Fasolt* gets the whacks—and—please, Sir, I don't know any more—but some of the music is running river-like and lovely, more is puzzling, and much of it must remind Sir DRURIOLANUS of the rum-tum-tiddy-iddy-iddy-um-bang-whack of a great Drury Pantomime. House full; Duke and Duchess of EDINBURGH, with Princess MARIE and Crown Prince of ROUMANIA, enjoying themselves Wagnerially and Rou-manically.

Ancient Brass-Work, in memory of Wagner the Great Worker in Brass.

Saturday.—*Le Prophète.* JOHN DE RESZKÉ not up to his usual form as the Sporting Prophet; but his little Brother EDWARD, and Messieurs MONTARIOL and CASTELMARY, first-rate as the three conspiring undertakers. Madame DESCHAMPS-JÉHIN, as *Fides*, very fine. "House," also, very fine, and large.

THE BONES OF JOSEPH.

DEAR *Mr. Punch*,—When writing to a Journal of light and leaders—or misleaders—last Friday, I kept "a little bit up my sleeve," so to speak, for the Brightest, Lightest, and Leadingest of all papers yclept the one, Sir, that bears your honoured name.

After quoting from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN at Holloway (not *in* Holloway) on June 17, 1885, as a gentle reminder to Mr. GOSCHEN—*their* "Mr. G."—I observed, "Perhaps, however, there are reasons why the 'Egyptian Skeleton' prefers to forget the speeches of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in 1885." It struck me that, having already an Egyptian Skeleton, we might have as its companion a Brummagem Skeleton, which everyone can see through, and this sketch I beg to submit to you, *pro bono publico*. Always, *Mr. Punch*, your most obedient "subject" (artistically), W. V. H-RC-RT.

THE FÊTE OF FLORA.

WERE it not that the salutation were infelicitous, we should have said, "Hail, all hail!" to the *Fête* at the Botanical Gardens, Regent's Park, last Wednesday. Besides, they have always an Aquarius of the name of WATERER on the premises, whose Rhododendrons are magnificent. So we didn't say "All hail!" and there was not a single drop, of rain, or in the attendance, to damage a charming show which has so often been spoilt by the drop too much that has floored many a *Fête* of Flora. Nothing could have been prettier. Flowers of speech are inadequate to describe the scene. "Simply lovely!" is the best epitome of praise.

First Prize—Love among the Roses.

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, *The Look-out, Sheepsdoor, Kent.*

ASCOT has been too much for me! What with the excitement of racing all day, and bézique half the night—(another sign of the times; women no longer "play for love," but "love to play!")—to say nothing of the constant strain on one's nerves as to what the weather was going to do to one's gowns, I have had a severe attack of overwork, with complicating symptoms of my old enemy, idleness!—so that, on my return to town, my Doctor—(he 's a *dear* man, and prescribes just what I suggest)—insisted that I should at once run down to the Seaside to recuperate. Hence my retirement to the little fishing village of Sheepsdoor in Kent, "far from the gadding crowd;" a most delightfully rural and little-known resort, where we all go about in brown canvas-shoes—(russia-leather under-amt of!)—and wear out all our old things, utterly regardless of whether we look "*en suite*" or not. The only precaution *I* take is to carry in my pocket a thick veil, which I pop on if I see anybody with evidences of "style" about them coming my way; fortunately, this has only happened once, when I met a certain well-known "Merry Duchess" and her charming little daughter, who both failed to penetrate my disguise!

I am sorry that my selected horse for the Windsor June Handicap did not run—though the word of command was given, "*Macready!*"—he was not told to be "present!"—being presumably short of a gallop or two, and therefore lacking "fire!" This little series of jokes is proudly dedicated to the *Military*, and *Civilians* are "warned off!"—which is another turf expression. The much-needed rain has come at last, and the Heath should be in fine condition, which was more than its namesake at Ascot was, and all for want of a little attention—I am told that the far end was all in lumps, which caused the "*Lover*" to come down in his race—though that was hardly a surprise, as we know that "the course of true love never *did* run smooth!"

Now—dear *Mr. Punch*, if you want a few hours' fresh air, command the special train, which I am told, is kept in readiness for you at every London Terminus, to transport you—(not for your *country's* good, but *your own*)—to Sheepsdoor, Kent, where you shall receive a hearty welcome—Lord ARTHUR is not with me, but my French maid will *chaperon* us—*if necessary*.

Yours devotedly, LADY GAY.

STUD PRODUCE SELECTION.

To a Circus in Lancashire, once I went,
To see a performing dog dance!
But, my money in vain I found I'd spent,
For I much prefer a "*Clog Dance.*"

THE TWO SARAS OF THE SEASON.—SARA BERNHARDT and SARA SATE.

UNA AND THE BRITISH LION.

A CARTOON FROM A BIRMINGHAM COLLECTION.

Whereto a Brummagem Bard hath set these Spenserian Stanzas.

[MR. CHAMBERLAIN, in his Election Address, explains how he has co-operated with the Conservative Government in order to maintain the Union between Great Britain and Ireland.]

THE lyon would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along as a strong gard
Of her chast person, and a faithfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard;
And over her he kept both watch and ward,
With the assistance of two valiant knightes,
Prince ARTHURE, and the Red Crosse Paladin,
A puir of brotherlie and doughtie wightes,
Though erst had they indulged in mutual flouts and spites.

For loe! a divelish dragon didde infest
That region, and fair UNA strove to slay.
Her to protect from that prodigious pest,
The Red Crosse Knight—who lived out Midland way—
Didde, with Prince ARTHURE, travel day by day,
And prodded up that lyon as they strode,
With their speare pointes, as though in jovial play,
To holde fair UNA, who her safety owed,
Unto the puissant beaste whereon she proudlie rode.

Anon they heard a roaring hideous sound
That all the ayre with terror filléd wyde,
And seemed uneath to shake the stedfast ground;
Eftsoones that dreadful dragon they espyde,
Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side
Of a great hill, himself like a great hill:
But, all so soone as he from far descryde
Those glistering knights banded in right good will,
He rous'd himselfe full blyth, and hastned them untill.

Then badd those knightes fair UNA yede aloof,
Whiles they attacked that dragon side by side,
And put the issue to stern battaille's proof;
"We 'll give this Big Green Bogey beans!" they cryde,
That Red Crosse Knight of Brummagem in his pride,
And brave Prince ARTHURE of the shining crest.
But if victoriously their blades they plied,
Or, baffled by the dragon, gave him beste,—
Why, that the barde will sing *after* the battaille's teste!

"THROUGH DARKEST LAMBETH."

POLITICS.

(By a Confused Citizen.)

WHAT a state we'll soon be in!
Such a clamour, such a din,
Raised from Kew to Dalston,
Cork to Cromer, Wight to Wick!
Seeking votes through thin and thick,
GLADSBURY and SALSTONE!

Talk and chatter, speech and cry!
Some assert, then some deny
In a near or far shire;
Call each other names and laugh,
Jeer and chuckle, joke and chaff—
DEVONCOURT and HARSHIRE!

Still they come and still they go;
Up and down, and high and low,
Many more than those four.
Speak in Council, speak in House,
Think not yet of golf or grouse,
BALBERY and ROSEFOUR.

Rush and canvass up and down,
Village, hamlet, city, town,
Stately street or poor lane;
Start committees, advertise,
Think of rousing party cries,
CHAMBERLEY and MORLAIN!

Such a fidget, such a fuss!
There is no escape for us;
We shall have it shortly.
How I wish that both would go
Off to Bath or Jericho,
SALFOURLAIN, GLADCOURTLEY!

"CAVE KANEM!"—"If," Dr. KANE is reported to have said at the Ulster Appeal Meeting in St. James's Hall last Wednesday, "if they (the Ulster Irishmen) had to choose between arbitrary oppression and an appeal for justice to the God of battles, he (Dr. KANE) had no more doubt than he had about his existence, that that appeal would be made, and that God would defend the right." With the saving clause adroitly introduced into the last sentence, everyone, except an Atheist, will agree; and, but for this, this speech reads as an incentive to Civil War, intended to stir up brother against brother to fight to the death. Such sentiments may, in the future, be remembered as marked with "the brand of KANE."

A DIFFICULTY.—*Mr. Dick* was unable to keep "King Charles the First's head" out of his literary work. So Our OSCAR, it is said, has been unable to keep the head of St. John the Baptist out of his play, *Salomé*, accepted by SARAH. Hence difficulty with licenser. The real truth, we believe, is that the head, according to received tradition, should be brought in by *Salomé* "on a charger," and SARAH protests against this, as she is not an equestrian.

A NEW SONGSTRESS.—Mr. CUSINS, on Wednesday last, accompanying SCHUMANN, RUBINSTEIN, & Co., may fairly be described as "CUSINS German." A very successful Concert, musically notable among many notable things, for the *début* of Miss GWLADYS WOOD, who, being vociferously encored, gave a Tyrolean Volkslied, or "VOKES' Family" dance and song, playing the accompaniment herself. "She ought to do well."—I quote SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, the Musician, who sang a *duo* with Mme. VALDA. The Concert commenced with a "Septette (By DESIRE)." This is a new Composer.

AN AFTERNOON WITH THOSE WHO "ENTERTAIN" MORE THAN ANYONE IN LONDON.—"*Charity begins at home*," or rather it begins at the GERMAN REEDS,' *after* CORNEY GRAIN has finished his amusing "Vocal Recital." Then it is that never-failing Charity begins, and goes as well as ever. ALFRED REED is immensely funny, especially when disguised as a Charity Girl. On no account miss the Grain of Chaff's capital French version of CHEVALIER'S Coster song about "'*Arry 'Awkins*." It's lovely! Excellent entertainment for everybody at St. George's Hall.

The Beadle with the German Reeds' Staff.

DOCTOR O'LETTERS.—*July 6th.*—Not "D.C.L." but "honorary degree of Doctor of Letters," is to be conferred by Dublin University on HENRY IRVING, for masterly management of vast correspondence. Let Oxford follow suit with a "Postmastership of Merton." Dr. L. O'TOOLE says, "I'm satisfied with 'L.L.L. Three Stars,' and plenty of it."

THE HORSE-EDUCATOR.

(A Sketch at Sydenham.)

SCENE—*An Arena at North End of Crystal Palace.—The Arena is thickly covered with sawdust, and occupied solely by a light American waggon. There is a small steam-engine at one side, with an escape-pipe and valve projecting into the Circus, and a bundle of parti-coloured stuff is fluttering overhead opposite. From loose-boxes, three or four horses are examining these ominous preparations with apprehensive eyes. Enter a Portly Gentleman in a tall hat and frock-coat, who bows to the audience, and is but faintly applauded, owing to a disappointed sense that the ideal Horse-trainer would not tame in a tall hat. However, he merely appears to introduce* Professor NORTON B. SMITH, *who, turning out to be a slender, tall man, in a slouch hat, black velveteen coat, breeches, and riding boots, is received with enthusiasm.*

The Professor (with a slight Transatlantic accent). The first animal On my list, Ladies and Gentlemen, is a vurry bad shyer, afraid Of strange Objects, Fireworks, Music, Paper. Almost *anything*, in fact. Bring out Number One, boys. (*To a tall Groom and a short one, who rush to the loose-boxes, the short Groom falling over a drum, to the general delight. The horse who is afraid of almost anything is brought in, and begins to plunge at once, as though defying any* Professor *to cure* him.) Now, this animal is not Vicious, he 's only Nervous.

[*The Horse appears to resent this description of himself, and lashes out by way of contradiction.*

Paterfamilias, in audience (who has a spoilt horse at home). Just what I always say about *Tartar*—it 's nerves, not vice.

His Eldest Daughter. Shall you send him here to be cured, Father?

Paterf. No, my dear; quite unnecessary. When I see how it 's done, I shall be able to take *Tartar* in hand myself, I have no doubt.

The Prof. (*instructively*). It is natural For a Horse when frightened at anything in Front of him, To jump Backwards, and when frightened at anything Back of him, To jump Forwards. (*Applause, in recognition of the accuracy and observation of this axiom.*) Now I will show you my method Of correcting this Tendency by means Of my double Safety Rope and driving Rein, without Cruelty. Always Be Humane, Never causing any Pain if you Possibly can Help it. Fetch that Harness. (*The short Groom trips again, but so elaborately as to be immediately recognised as the funny man of the performance, after which his awkwardness ceases to entertain. The* Professor *shouts,* "*Woa!*" *and, as the horse declines to accept this suggestion, emphasises it by pulling the double rope, which, being attached to the animal's forelegs, promptly brings him on his knees, much to his surprise and indignation.*) Never use the word "Woa!" Only when you mean your horse To stop. Woa! (*horse down again, intensely humiliated.*) If you mean him just To go quiet, say "Steady!" and teach him The difference Of the words. Never afterwards Deceiving him. (Paterf. *makes a note of this on Tartar's account.*) Steady . . . Woa! (*Same business repeated; horse evidently feeling that he is the victim of a practical joke, and depressed. Finally,* Professor *says* "*Woa!*" *without pulling, and horse thinks it better to take the hint.*)

"The short Groom falling over a drum."

Paterf. Wonder where I could get that apparatus—just the thing for *Tartar!*

His Daughter. But you would have to lay down such a lot of sawdust first. And it might teach him to kneel down whenever you said "Woa!" you know, and *that* wouldn't do!

Paterf. Um! No. Never thought of that.

Prof. I will now introduce To his notice the Bass Drum. (*The two Grooms dance about the horse, banging a drum and clashing cymbals, at which he shies consumedly. Gradually he appears to realise that his lines have fallen among lunatics, and that his wisest policy is to humour them. He does so, even to the extent of suffering the big drum to be beaten on his head with patient disgust.*)

The Daughter. You might try *that* with *Tartar*, Father. You could have the dinner-gong, you know.

Paterf. (*dubiously*). H'm, I 'm not at all sure that it would have the same effect, my dear.

Prof. (*who has vaulted on the horse's back*). I will now make him familiar With an umbrella. (*Opens it suddenly; horse plunges.*) Now, Sir, this is nothing but an umbrella—vurry good one too—it isn't going to hurt you; look at it!

[*He waves it round the animal's head, and finally claps it over his eyes, the horse inspects it, and tacitly admits that he may have been prejudiced.*

Daughter. It would be quite easy to do that, Father. We could hide in the shrubbery with parasols, and jump out at him.

Paterf. Not while *I 'm*—Well, we must see what your *Mother* says about that. [*Begins to wish he had come alone.*

Prof. (*introducing another horse*). This animal is a confirmed Kicker. We 'll give him a little tinware, just to amuse him. (*Some tin pans and bells are attached to the animal's tail, but, perceiving that kicks are expected from him, his natural contrariness makes him decline to make sport for Philistines in this manner.*) Hang on more tinware, boys! Some persons here may feel Disappointed that he Doesn't kick. Remember—that is not My Fault. They can't be too vicious to please me. (*The Horse sees his way to score, and after bearing various trials in a spirit of Christian resignation, leaves the Arena, consoled by the reflection that no one there got much fun out of* him, *at all events. A Jibber is brought in; the* Professor *illustrates his patent method of teaching him to stand while being groomed, by tying a rope to his tail, seizing the halter in one hand and the rope in the other, and obliging the horse to perform an involuntary waltz, after which he mounts him and continues his discourse.*) Now it occasionally happens To some riders that when they want To go down G. Street, their horse has a sort of idea he 'd like to go up E. Street, and he generally *does* go up it too!

A Sister (to her Brother). ROBERT, that 's just like the horse *you* rode that last time, isn't it?

[ROBERT *doesn't answer, fervently hoping that his Sister's Pretty Friend has not overheard this comment.*

The Prof. Well, the way to overcome that is just to turn the animal round—so—several times till he gets dizzy and forgets where E. Street is, and then he says to himself, "I guess I 'd better go wherever the gentleman wants!"

The Sister. ROBERT's horse turned round and round like that—*didn't* he, ROBERT?

[ROBERT *turns rather red and grunts.*

Her Pretty Friend. And then did he go where your brother wanted him to?

The Sister. Oh yes, at last. (ROBERT *breathes more freely.*) Only without ROBERT. [ROBERT *wonders bitterly why on earth a fellow's Sisters should try to make him out a regular muff like this.*

[*Two more horses are brought out, put in double harness in the light waggon, and driven round the Arena by the* Professor. *A steam whistle is let off over their heads, whereupon they rear and plunge, and back frantically, the* Professor *discoursing unperturbed from the waggon. After a few repetitions of this, the horses find the steam-whistle out as a brazen impostor, and become hardened sceptics from that moment. They despise the* Comic Groom *when he prances at them with a flag, and the performance of the* Serious Man *on the cymbals only inspires them with grave concern on his account. The bundle of coloured rags is let down suddenly on their heads, and causes them nothing but contemptuous amusement; crackers bang about their heels—and they pretend to be pleased; the* Funny Groom (*who is, by this time, almost unrecognisable with sawdust*), *gets on the near horse's back and bangs the drum on his head, but they are merely pained by his frivolity. Finally he throws an armful of old newspapers at them, and they exhibit every sign of boredom. After this, they are unharnessed and sent back to their boxes—a pair of equine Stoics who are past surprise at anything on this earth.*]

The Prof. (*concluding amidst loud applause*). Ladies and Gentlemen, I have only To say that I don't carry any horses About with me, and that if anyone here has a vicious Or nervous animal, and likes to send him to me, I will undertake to handle him free of all charge.

Paterf. I shall have *Tartar* sent here—less trouble than trying the methods myself—and safer.

Prof. And after I have treated the animal as you have seen, the Proprietor will only have to repeat the process himself for a week or so, and I guarantee he will have a thoroughly broke horse.

The Daughter. There, you see, Father, some of the taming will *have* to be done at home!

Paterf. (*who doesn't quite see himself dancing about* Tartar *with a drum, or brandishing an umbrella on his back*). Well, TOPPIN will take the horse over, and he 'll be here and see how it 's done. I can't be bothered with it myself. I've too much to do!

The Daughter. I wish you would. I'm sure *Tartar* would rather *you* tamed him than TOPPIN!

[Paterf. *while privately of opinson that this is not unlikely, sees no necessity to consider his horse's preferences in the matter.*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 20.—Black Rod got up little joke to-night by way of relieving the weight of these mournful parting moments. As soon as House met, word went round that, in absence of Mr. G., and other Leaders of the Opposition, SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE intended to take Prince ARTHUR in hand, and insist on his making clean breast of date of Dissolution. A Royal Commission arranged in other House. Black Rod despatched to summon Commons to assist at ceremony. "The SAGE wants the House of Lords abolished, does he?" said Black Rod, to his friend the White Elephant. "Very well; but before it 's done, I'll bet you 100 to 1, as JOHN MORLEY says, that I, as representative of the Lords, will make him shut up, and pretty sharp too. He little knows there 's a Rod in pickle for him, and a Black 'un, too."

Everything worked out as it was planned. On Motion for Third Reading of Appropriation Bill, SAGE, in his most winning way, invited Prince ARTHUR to name the happy day. Black Rod, getting tip, hurried across Lobby; reached the door just as SAGE was in middle of a sentence. "Black Rod!" roared Doorkeeper, at top of his voice. SAGE paused, looked with troubled glance towards door, stood for a moment as if he would resist the incursion, and catching sight of sword by Black Rod's side, abruptly sat down amid general titter.

Still winding-up business. GEORGE CURZON explained Indian Budget to PLOWDEN, and Rev. SAM SMITH, who thought it very good. So it was, comprehensive, lucid, here and there brightened with felicitous touches of eloquence.

"Pity," said GRAND CROSS, when I mentioned to him the depressing circumstances attendant upon delivery of speech; "CURZON 's a clever youth. When he 's been with me a month or two, he 'll brighten up considerably. Great advantage for a young man to have such guidance, coming into almost daily contact with a person like his present Chief. The fact is, TOBY, I am really responsible for the state of the House to-night. The country, England and India alike, are so satisfied with my rule over what I may, perhaps without offence, call our dusky Empire, that people do not think it worth while to go down to House to hear the affair discoursed on by my Under-Secretary. Amongst the natives in India, I 'm told, I 'm regarded as a sort of Fetish. Travellers in remote regions bring home stories of finding, set up in humble cottages, little images, more or less resembling me. GORST told me they have a saying there, which he was good enough to translate. His knowledge of Hindustanee is extensive, peculiar, and acquired with remarkable rapidity. These are the lines:

> If you 'd never make a loss,
> Put your money on GRAND CROSS.

A free translation, GORST says, but gives you the swing and the spirit of the distich. Rather hard on CURZON that my popularity should spoil his speech, but a good thing for the country."

Business done.—Budget brought in.

"Stopped on the threshold."

Tuesday.—Wonderfully good muster in Lords to-night. Every man upon his mettle. As the MARKISS says, with that epigrammatic style that makes him so delightful, "The first duty of a Peer is to *appear*." Those Radicals been protesting that talk about necessity for prolonging Session over week all a flam. Simply meant to make it impossible for our delicate friend, the British Workman, to get to poll. Peers must show they mean business, by turning up with regularity and despatch.

Appeal to patriotic feelings nobly answered; nearly a hundred Lords in place to-night. CHELMSFORD, walking down with his umbrella, just about to add a unit to the number; stopped on the threshold by strange sight; looking in from room beyond the Throne, sees DENMAN standing at Table, shaking his fist at Prime Minister. DENMAN is wearing what CHELMSFORD, who is short-sighted, at first took to be red Cap of Liberty. But it 's nothing more dangerous than a red skull-cap, designed to resist draughts. Needn't be red, but it is. Business before House, Third Reading of Small Holdings Bill Occurs to DENMAN to move its rejection; talks for ten minutes; difficulty to catch his remarks; understood from fragmentary phrases to be extolling someone as a luminous Statesman; seeing measure before the House is Small Holdings Bill, noble Lords naturally conclude he 's talking about CHAPLIN. MARKISS interposes; says, "Noble Lord not speaking to Bill before House."

It was at this moment CHELMSFORD arrived. Saw DENMAN draw himself up to full height, shake his fist at the MARKISS, and this time at full pitch of quivering voice cry, "Ha! ha! you wish to *clôture* me again, do you? I 'm very much obleeged to you. I have a right to refer in a hereditary assembly to the best man that ever stood in it."

Then noble Lords knew it couldn't have been CHAPLIN. Not yet.

Business done.—Still winding it up.

"All over at last!"

Tuesday, June 28.—Parliament prorogued and dissolved. "All over at last," says ROSCOE, putting it in another and more original way. Few to part where (six years ago) many met. Still some, chiefly Metropolitan Members, remain to see the last of the old Parliament.

"Good-bye, TOBY." Prince ARTHUR says, after we 've shaken hands with the SPEAKER. "Shall see you again in August. *You* 're all right. One of those happy fellows who are returned unopposed. As for me, I have to fight for my seat, and my life."

"You 'll come back too," I said; "but you 'll be sitting on the other side of House. What 'll you do when you 're in Opposition?"

"I 'll go to the Opera every Wednesday night," said Prince ARTHUR, with a gleam of joy lighting up his face.

Business done.—Parliament dissolved.

NEWS ABOUT BISMARCK FOR THE BRITISH PUBLIC.—Professor SCHWENINGER, the Bizzy B.'s private physician, writes privately to *Mr. Punch* the following news about his distinguished patient. "Tell the B. P. that P. B. sleeps like a top. This is no hum. He is up at 7 A.M., and wishes everyone 'the top of the mornin' to you,' puts on his top-boots and top-hat, and then goes out for a spin."

FROM A CORRESPONDENT ANENT THE TRUSTEES, MESSRS. COHEN AND LEVY, AND THE GIFT OF £350,000 FOR LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER.—Sir,—It has been asked, what will they do with it? Liverpool and Manchester are both millionnaires and millowners too. Why not send a little to *me*? Who 's Cohen, I mean who 's goin' to Leave-y *me* anything? No spare Cohen—or Coin—ever comes *my* way! Would that a Co-hen would lay for me a golden egg as valuable as the Kohenore! Sir, I am of Irish extraction, and the Irish are of Hebraic origin, so I have some claim. Why? Because Irishmen are Hebrews first and Irish afterwards. The first settlers on settling-day in Ireland were Hebrews to a man, and isn't it clear that "Liffey" was originally "Levy?"

Yours impecuniously,
THE O'DUNAHOO.

With the accent on the "Owe" and the "Dun."

Leafy June 30.

"ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY!"

Hostess. "I 'VE GOT *SUCH* A COLD TO-DAY. I FEEL QUITE *STUPID!*"
Prize Idiot (calling). "I 'VE GOT A BAD COLD TOO; BUT *I* DON'T FEEL PARTICULARLY STUPID!"
Hostess. "AH, I SEE YOU 'RE NOT QUITE YOURSELF!"

THE POLITICAL JOHNNY GILPIN.

(Lately-discovered Fragments of a Grand Old Ballad, the Sequel to which may—or may not—turn up later on.

JOHN GILPIN was a patriot
Of credit and renown;
A Grand Old Leader eke was he,
Of famous London town.

JOHN'S Liberal Lady said, "Oh, dear!
Out in the cold we 've been
These seven tedious years, and have
No chance of Office seen.

"To-morrow is Election Day,
And we may then repair
Our Party-split a little bit,—
That is—if you take care!

"Our Sisters, and the Labour lot,
Need soothing, you 'll agree;
If we can all together ride,
I think we 'll have a spree."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of Liberal Dames but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear;
Therefore it shall be done!

"I am a Programme-rider bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the Party 'Whip'
Will teach me how to go."

Quoth the good dame, "Liquor we 'll want,
The 'Union Tap' is queer;
We 'll furnished be with our own 'Blend,'
Scotch-Irish bright and clear."

JOHN GILPIN kissed his partner shrewd;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on conquest she was bent,
She had a prudent mind.

* * * *

JOHN GILPIN, at his horse's side,
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again.

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Queer customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of Votes, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long ere these queer customers
Were suited to their mind,
When SCHNADDY, shouting, came down stairs,
"The tipple 's left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he, "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty blade
When foes I 'pulverise.'"

His Liberal Lady (careful soul!)
Had two big bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle at each side,
To keep his balance true.

Then, over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long green cloak, well-brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his docile steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

It might have been a smoother road,
Nor was it nice to meet
First off, a Pig, who GILPIN bold
With stubborn grunt did greet.

So fair and softly! JOHNY cried,
But——

[*Here the fragment, so far as at present discovered, abruptly endeth.*

TIP FROM OUR OWN BOOKING-OFFICE.—Persons about to go to the Country, whether to defend their own seat or attack someone else's, can't do better, my Baronite says, than take with them P. W. CLAYDEN'S *England Under Coalition*, just published by FISHER UNWIN. It's not much to carry, but it 's worth the trouble of packing up; also of unpacking, and reading. It tells the story of two Parliaments and three Governments. A pretty story it is, more interesting than most novels, and in one volume too. A marvel of condensation and lucid narrative. Only one thing lacking to a work likely to be constantly used for reference, and that is an index. "But you can't have everything," as *Queen Eleanor* said to *Fair Rosamond* when, having swallowed the contents of the poisoned chalice, she asked for a dagger.

THE POLITICAL JOHNNY GILPIN.

"NOW SEE HIM MOUNTED ONCE AGAIN
UPON HIS NIMBLE STEED,
FULL SLOWLY PACING O'ER THE STONES,
WITH CAUTION AND GOOD HEED."

OBVIOUS.

Buttons (fresh from the Country, evidently no French Scholar). "I SAY, MARY, THE GUV'NOR AND MISSUS ARE DINING OUT TO-NIGHT. BUT I CAN'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME MAKE OUT WHAT A *R*, A *S*, A *V*, AND A *P* MEAN ON THIS 'ERE CARD!"

Smart Housemaid. "WHY, OF COURSE IT MEANS THEY 'RE GOING TO HAVE *Rump Steak and Veal Pie*!"

ELECTION NOTES.

(By Mr. Punch's Special Commissioner.)

DEAR SIR,—I am glad you consented eventually to the terms I proposed. After all, £100 a-week (*and expenses*) is a mere trifle for the arduous work I expect to do for you. According to your instructions, I arrived three nights ago in the ancient borough of Bunkham-on-the-Marsh, and at once took steps to pursue those inquiries which are necessary for a satisfactory estimate of the political situation. My experience as a lightning change *artiste* is quite invaluable. I visit the Liberal Committee-rooms, and attend Liberal meetings in a complete suit of corduroys and horny hands. Five minutes afterwards I find myself in a military moustache, a frock coat, and patent leather boots at the Conservative head-quarters. In the former disguise I enthusiastically advocate the Newcastle Programme, and denounce the base minions of Coercion. In the latter I rouse Conservative partisans to frenzy by my impassioned appeals on behalf of one Queen, one Flag, one Empire, and a policy of enlightened Conservative progress. I can highly recommend my two perorations, in one of which I consign Mr. GLADSTONE to eternal infamy, while in the other I hold up Lord SALISBURY to the derision of mankind.

I send you herewith extracts from the two newspapers published in Bunkham. The *Bunkham News* is the organ of the Liberals; the *Bunkham Standard* (with which are incorporated the *Bunkham Messenger* and the *Bunkham Guardian and Mangelshire Express*) expresses the views of the Conservatives in this important district.

The Bunkham News.

AT last! The period of subterfuges and evasions is past. Fraud and dishonesty have had their day, Coercion has done its worst, and the time has come when the most scandalous and disgraceful Government of which history bears record, will have to submit itself for judgment to the opinions of those who are dishonoured by being its fellow-countrymen. We can have no doubt whatever as to what the result of the contest will be in this enlightened constituency. The men of Bunkham have been at all times noted for their love of freedom and justice, and for their hatred of those who base themselves upon oppression and iniquity. The Liberal Candidate, Mr. HENRY PLEDGER, has now been before the Constituency for more than a year. Wherever he has gone he has been received with unparalleled demonstrations of enthusiasm by the immense majority of our fellow-townsmen. His eloquence, combined with his engaging manners, have won all hearts. The fight will be short, but severe. Men of Bunkham, will you lag in the rear? The issue is to those who work from now to the polling day. If you only make a united effort, triumph is assured.

The Bunkham Standard.

THE date of the Dissolution has been fixed, and by making it impossible for the Elections to be held on a Saturday, the Government have given one more proof of their deep and sincere devotion to the highest interests of the working-classes. There never has been any Ministry, we make bold to say, whose record will better bear the fierce light of public investigation. Grievances have been redressed, moderate reforms, such as the country desired, have been passed into law, and turbulence and outrage have been repressed. No body of men ever deserved more fully what they now possess, and are sure to retain—the confidence and gratitude of their fellow-citizens. Our Member, Mr. TUFFAN, has borne a not unimportant part in assisting the Government by his presence in the House of Commons. His manly, straightforward integrity, and his universal generosity, have endeared him to all classes in Bunkham. We look forward with absolute confidence to his return by an immense majority. From the disorganised ranks of our adversaries there is little to fear. Let us stand shoulder to shoulder, and leave no stone unturned to win a victory which is even now within our grasp.

I have had interviews with prominent politicians on both sides, and have been assured on both sides, that victory is certain. Both Candidates are constantly occupied in driving all over the borough in pair-horse carriages, lavishly decorated with the party colours, orange for the Liberals, blue for the Conservatives. Mrs. PLEDGER is magnificent in an orange silk dress; Mrs. TUFFAN overwhelms me with blue ribbons. Master PLEDGER waves an orange banner in every street; Miss TUFFAN distributes blue cards in all the shops. The Liberal Committee-rooms are ablaze with pictures of Mr. GLADSTONE; the Conservative Office flames with Union Jacks, and other Imperial devices. Eight meetings are to be held in different parts of the Constituency to-night. Immense efforts are being made to capture the votes of the Association of Jam Dealers, which has its chief factory here. Master PLEDGER has just gone by in a Victoria, with a huge pot of "Bunkham Jam" on the seat in front of him. He had a spoon, and was apparently enjoying himself. This manœuvre has much depressed the Conservatives, who consider it disgraceful. More next week.

Yours always, THE MAN IN THE MOON.

A RACE FOR THE COUNTRY. CLAIMING THE LAND.
(*By Our Americanised Artist.*)

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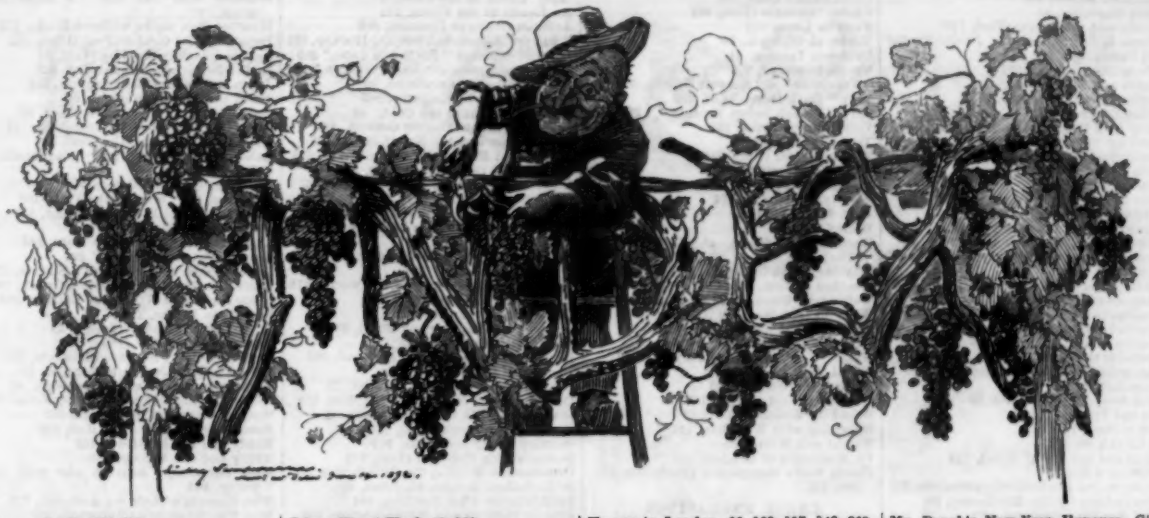

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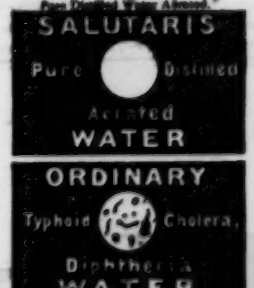

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